

APRIL

No.22

# NATIONAL

## COMICS

10¢



Starring  
**UNCLE  
SAM**  
AMERICA'S  
HERO

QUICKSILVER

SALLY O'NEIL

KID PATROL





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



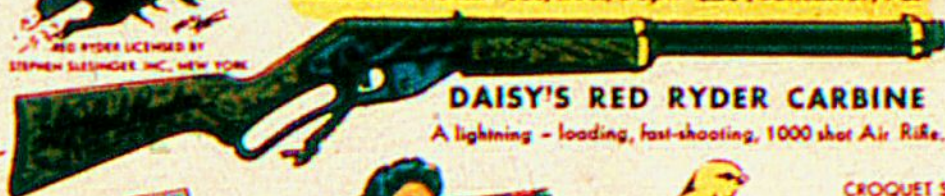
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**FREE!** A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

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MEANWHILE... IN THE HIDEOUT OF "JOCK" JAGGER GANG CHIEF AND KILLER...

CHEE, DOC... DIS STUFF IS AWFUL STRONG!

SURE, JOCK... THAT THREAD I INVENTED IS AS STRONG AS AN ANCHOR CHAIN! HERE... TRY TO BREAK THIS....

SEE?!! AND YOU CAN'T CUT IT EITHER!

BOY- OH- BOY!! LET'S TAKE IT OUTSIDE AN' GIVE IT A REAL TEST!

UUUF UUUG!

MINUTES LATER... IN THE STREET.

WOW!! LOOKIT PAT! DEY CAN'T BREAK IT!!

HEY, BOSS! LISTEN, BOSS!

BOSS! DAT GUN YA GAVE US WAS LOADED!! I... I... S... SHOT A GUY!! MIKE RATZOFF... HE'S D. DEAD!

LOADED?! HMM... HOW DID DAT EVER HAPPEN?

I'M AWFUL SORRY, FELLAS... BUT DON'T WORRY... I WON'T TELL ANYBODY YA DONE IT!

B. BUT, BOSS... I... I'M A... MURDERER!

HA! LISSEN TA JOCK GIVIN' DEM KIDS DA SOFT SOAP!

YEAH! HE SOTINLY GOT RID O' RATZOFF PRETTY CLEVER... USIN' SUCKER KIDS!

JOCK!! JOCK!! DA KID THE COPS GOT IS BUDDY... UNCLE SAM'S BOY! AN' SAM IS HEADED HERE!

UNCLE SAM?!

SHADDAP YA VELLA RATS! I GOT AN IDEA... YOU BRATS IS GONNA CAPTURE UNCLE SAM!

WHAT?!!

YEAH... NOW GET THIS!!... TAKE THESE PIECES OF THREAD AN'.....



A FEW MINUTES LATER... A CORNER IN THE SLUMS.....

SPIKE!! UNCLE SAM.... HE'S COMIN'!

STOP Y-YELLIN'!  
I...I... AIN'T SCARED!!

WAL! IF IT AIN'T UNCLE FANCYPANTS!! GOIN' TO A PARTY GRAN'POD?!!

HMM...THEY LOOK LIKE THE KIDS BUDDY DESCRIBED...

SAY...IS YOUR NAME SPIKE?

YEAH..... WHAT'S IT TO YOU?!!

I'M TAKING YOU TO THE POLICE, YOUNG MAN!!

AW... GO SOAK YER HEAD, GRAN'PA!!

WHY!! YOU SASSY BRAT!

I'LL PADDLE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU... UGH...

JUMP 'IM, FELLAS... QUICK!!

JOOK! JOOK!! WE GOT 'IM!

HA...HA...HA!! I'M WEAK FROM LAUGHING!! SO YOU KIDS ARE TYING ME UP EH? ...AND WITH THREAD!! HA...HA...HA!!

BAH! THE GREAT UNCLE SAM! CAUGHT BY A LOTTA KIDS!

JOOK JAGGER!! SO..YOU'RE THE RAT WHO'S MAKING CROOKS OF THESE KIDS!!! IF I GET LOOSE HERE I'LL.....

BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' LOOSE!! C'MON, BOYS..... WE'LL TAKE 'IM TO THE HIDEOUT AN' KEEP 'IM ON ICE!! WHAT A LAUGH!



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BUDDY WAITS.....

GOSH...UNCLE SAM'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME... I OUGHTA BE HELPIN' HIM! IF I COULD ONLY... GEE, THE SERGEANT FELL ASLEEP!

Zzzzzzz

I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE AND GET TO UNCLE SAM!

MOMENTS LATER....

CAPTAIN! I DOZED OFF...AN' TH' KID BEAT IT!

WELL, STEP ON IT! DON'T STAND THERE... FOLLOW 'IM... HE MIGHT LEAD US TO THE GANG!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO LOOK... BUT UNCLE SAM MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS SECTION....

SUDDENLY....

SPIKE! DERES DAT KID BUDDY AGAIN!

GRAB 'IM!! WE'LL TAKE 'IM TO JOCK!!

C'MERE YOU!

HEY! CUT IT OUT!

IN A BACK ROOM AT THE JAGGER HIDEOUT....

WHUEW!! I CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK THIS THREAD.... PRETTY STRONG STUFF!

AH!!...A PAIR OF CUTTING PLIERS.... THEY OUGHTA DO THE TRICK!

GOSH!! THAT THREAD ACTUALLY BENT THEM!

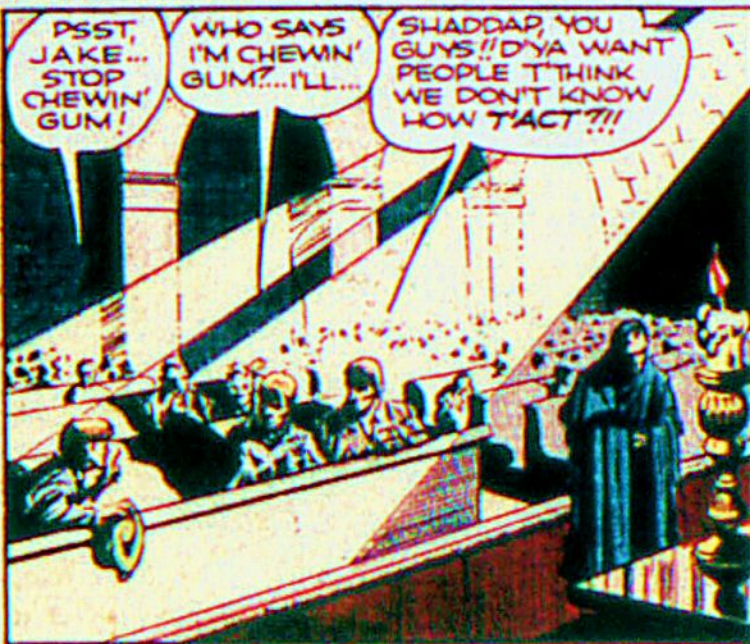
















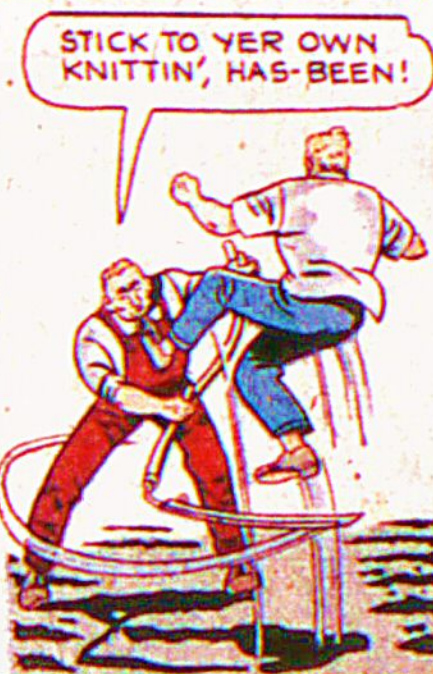
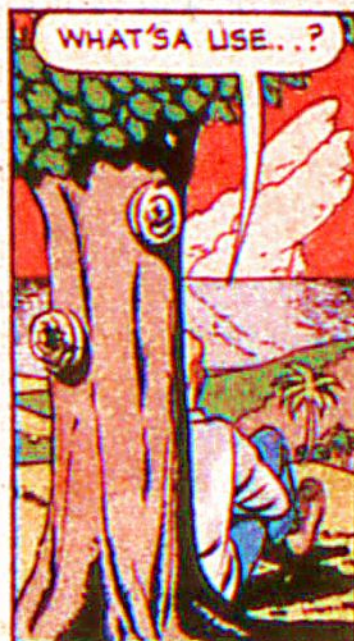








SOME DAYS LATER, THE KID SULK'S AT HIS TRAINING CAMP, ADJOINING THE RANCH PROPERTY OF JOE CAHOOT, THE NEW CHAMP.







DISCONSOLATELY, DANNY AWAITS TRIAL... HE FRETS AND FUMES AT THE DULL PROCESSION OF INACTIVE DAYS.





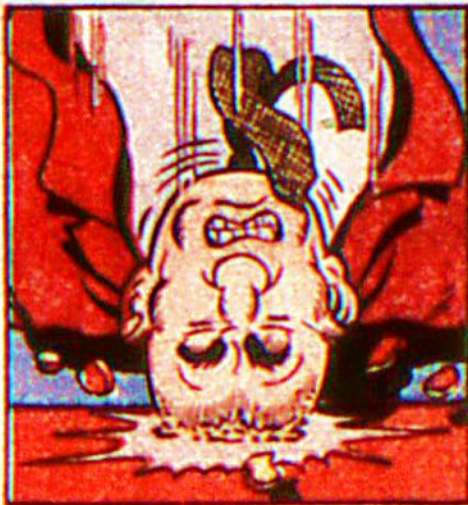


JUST THEN THE REPORTERS ARRIVE EN MASSE TO INTERVIEW THE KID..

WOW! THEY'RE SETTLEIN' THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN HERE!

BOY! THIS IS HOT!

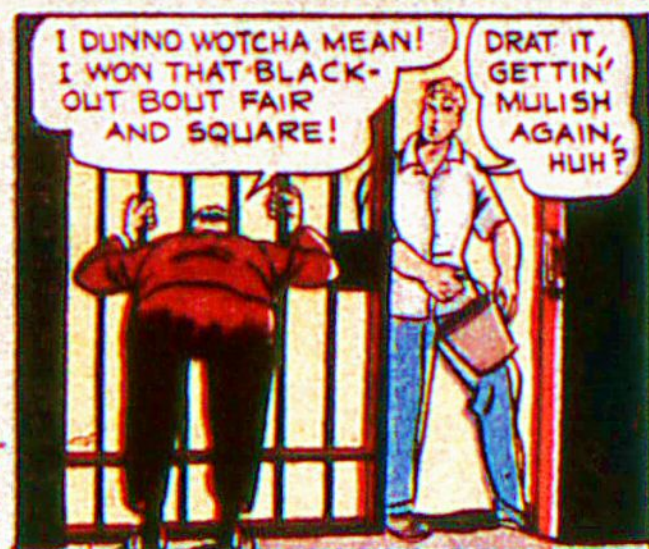
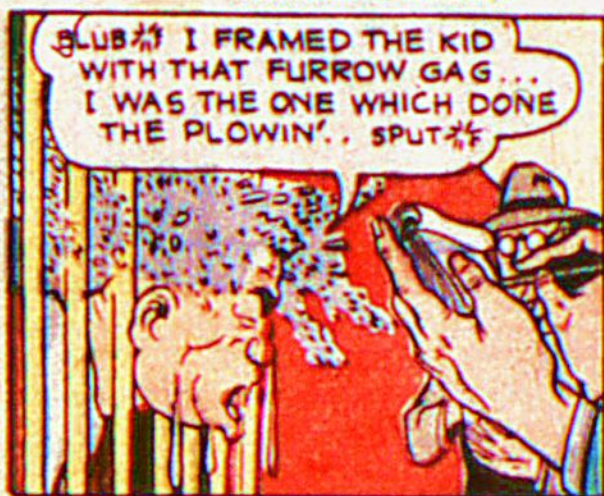
I'LL KICK YA BRAINS OUT!



MAYBE THOSE EARS'LL HOLD YOU IN PLACE WHILE WE COME TO TERMS...







FOLLOW THE FURTHER UPS AND DOWNS IN THE FISTIC CAREER OF KID DIXON IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.



# QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD by Nick Caray.

STRIKING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, QUICKSILVER GOES TO WORK AGAINST THE LAWLESS. THIS TIME STRIKING WITH DEADLY FURY AT THE BLOOD-THIRSTY MENACE FROM ACROSS THE DARK WATERS OF THE PACIFIC

HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERS OF SAN FRANCISCO, TINY SPECKS IN THE SKY MOVE EASTWARD FROM OVER THE HORIZON.... 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR... JAPANESE BOMBERS

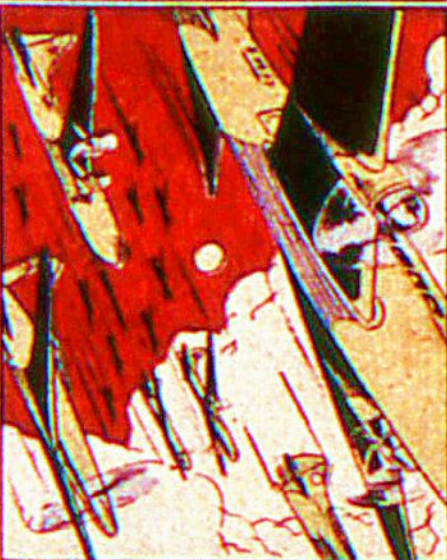
THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SQUADRON...

WHEN WE ARE FINISHED TO-NIGHT NO BUILDING WILL BE STANDING IN 'FRISCO!!



SQUADRON ATTACK!!!!  
RELEASE BOMBS AT 5000 FEET!!

ONE BY ONE THE DEADLY PLANES BEGIN THEIR MERCILESS PLUNGE UPON SAN FRANCISCO.





BUT... UNKNOWN TO THE INVADERS, AN INTRICATE CIVILIAN AND ARMY DEFENSE SYSTEM IS WORKING ON THE GROUND, STANDING BY TO SMASH A COUNTER-BLOW AT THE ATTACKERS....

THEY'RE STARTING TO DIVE, SIR! 18,000 FEET!!



HOLD YOUR FIRE 'TIL THEY GET BELOW 10,000...



THE BLACK LIGHT PICKS UP BETWEEN 100 AND 125 PLANES, SIR!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, KEEP 'EM FLYING!!



A ROAR OF POWERFUL MOTORS BREAKS THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT ACROSS THE AIRFIELDS OF NEARBY SAN FRANCISCO. SIX INTERCEPTOR PLANES AT HIGH SPEED.



ALL RIGHT YOU YELLOW RATS... NOW YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR!!



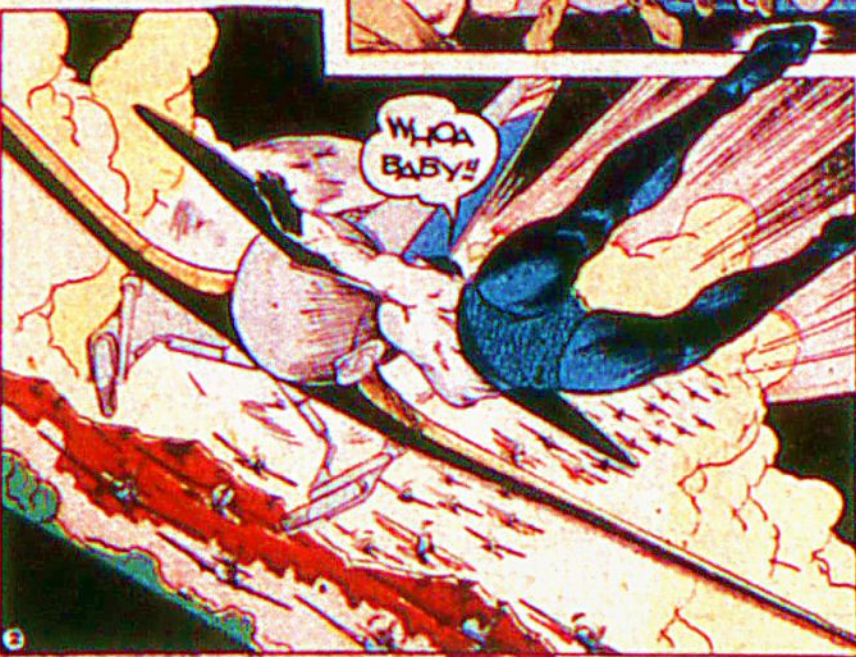
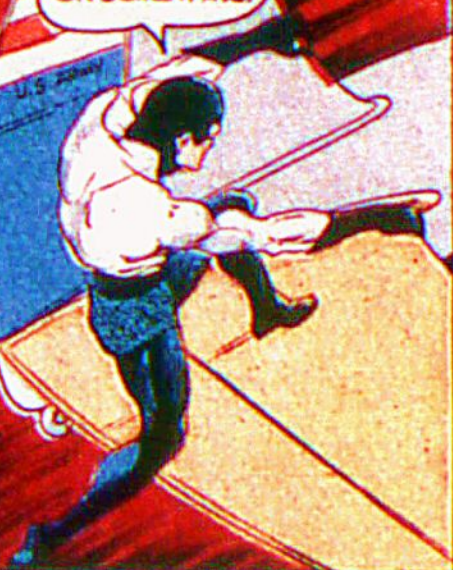
JUST THEN, A SUDDEN STREAK FLASHES THRU THE OFFICERS ON THE AIRFIELDS..



COMMANDER WILSON, LOOK! CHASING PLANES... IT'S QUICKSILVER!!



I THINK I'LL LIKE THIS BETTER WITH MY FEET ON SOMETHING!



W-H-O-A BABY!!





LIKE A FLASH... QUICKSILVER STEERS THE PLANE HE IS ON, BELOW THE ONE RELEASING ITS EGGS.







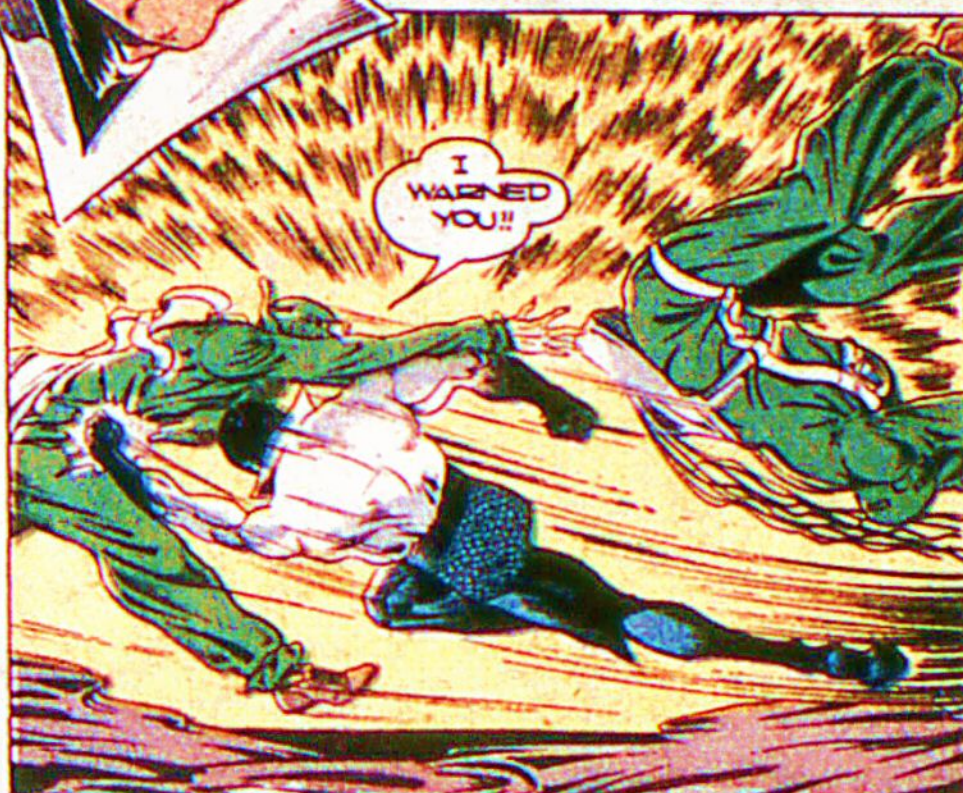
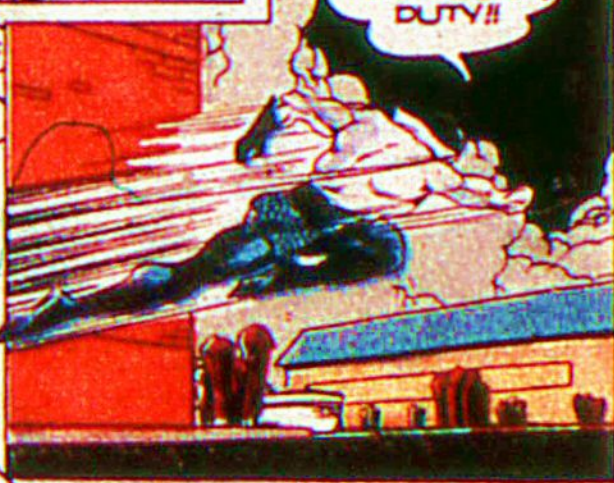
LIKE A FLASH.... QUICKSILVER STEERS THE PLANE HE IS ON, BELOW THE ONE, RELEASING ITS BOMBS.



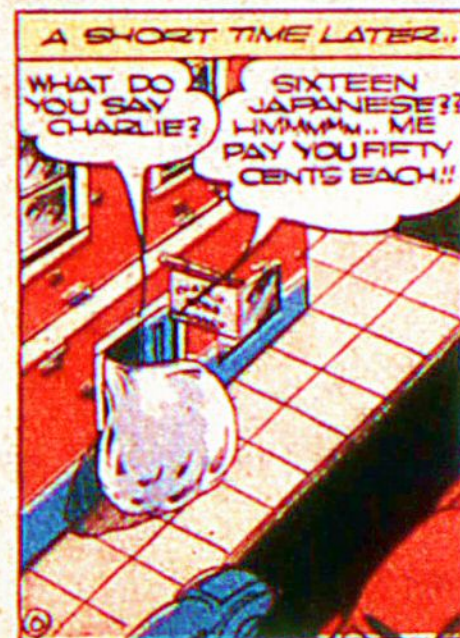




A SHORT TIME LATER











ENTHUSIASTIC GUESTS AT PORKY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, TEDDY AND SUNSHINE MARVEL AT THEIR YOUNG HOSTS AMAZING FOOD CAPACITY.

SHO' NUFF, YO' IS AGOIN TO BUST WIDE OPEN, PORKY..DAT'S DE FIFTH PLATE!

AND I'LL BET HE CAN GO TEN MORE.



SUDDENLY, PORKY'S SISTER BREAKS UP HIS FAVORITE SPORT.. EATING.

BEFORE YOU DEVELOP TUMMY-ACHES, HOW ABOUT TRYING A SCAVENGER HUNT? THE KIDS WHO BRING BACK EVERYTHING ON THIS LIST GET ALL THE ICE CREAM THEY CAN EAT!



AND AS THE CHILDREN DIVIDE INTO GROUPS, THE KID PATROL TAKES THE LEAD.

WIN? WHY, GIRL, WIT' ALL DAT LUSCIOUS CREAM, HOW KIN AH HELP A WINNIN'?

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?

WOW! WHAT A PILE OF JUNK!





SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE KIDS SIT DEJECTEDLY AMONG THEIR ACCUMULATED FINDINGS.



AH KNOWS WHAR TO FIND ONE! JEST YO' FOLLOW ME!



STUMPED, THE KID PATROL FOLLOWS SUNSHINE SKEPTICALLY.



FINALLY...



B-BUT AH WAS JEST..



SUDDENLY, SUNSHINE'S EYES FAIRLY POP OUT OF HIS HEAD.



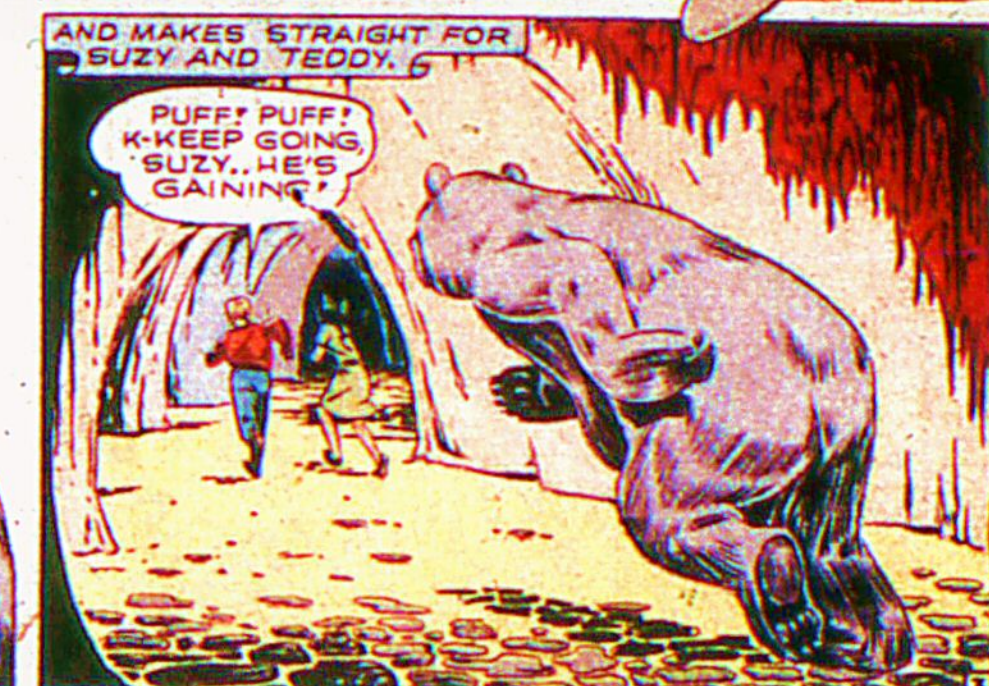
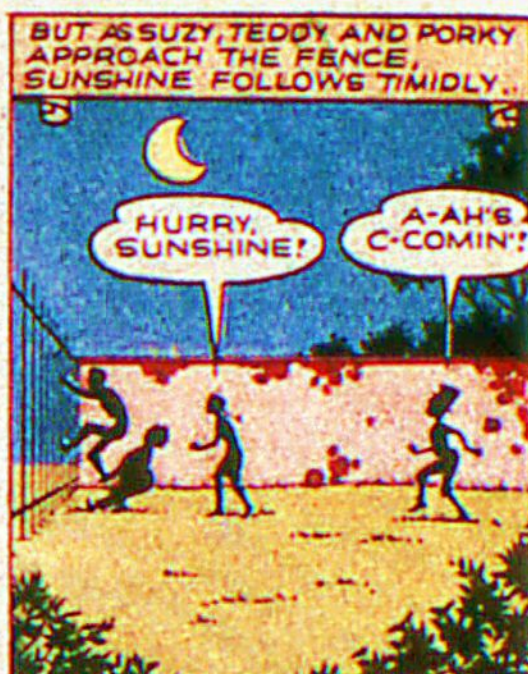
ROOTED TO THE SPOT, THE KIDS BEHOLD A STRANGE SPECTACLE.



AND AS THEY HUDDLE AGAINST THE WALL, TERROR STRICKEN..









GASPING BREATHLESSLY, PORKY RACES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



AND TRIPS CLUMBSILY IN THE DARK...



AN EARTHQUAKING ROAR SUDDENLY FILLS THE CAVE...



GROWLING VICIOUSLY, A MAMMOTH BEAR TAKES SHAPE AND A TERRIFIED PORKY SHIFTS INTO REVERSE.



TWO ENORMOUS EYES STARE WEIRDLY THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, AS HE HURTTLES BY...



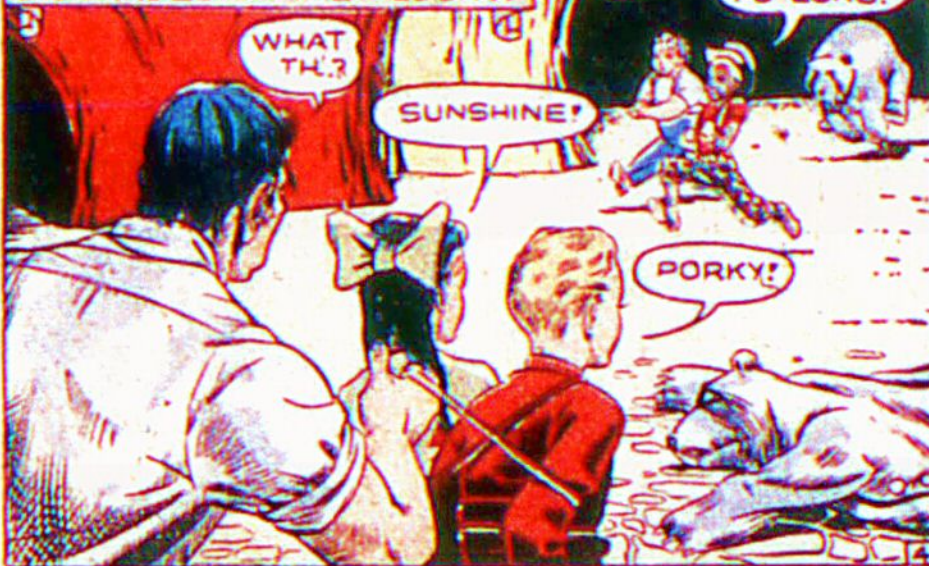
VERY MUCH ALIVE, SUNSHINE STARES WONDERINGLY AFTER PORKY... THEN...



PAHDON ME, BOY!

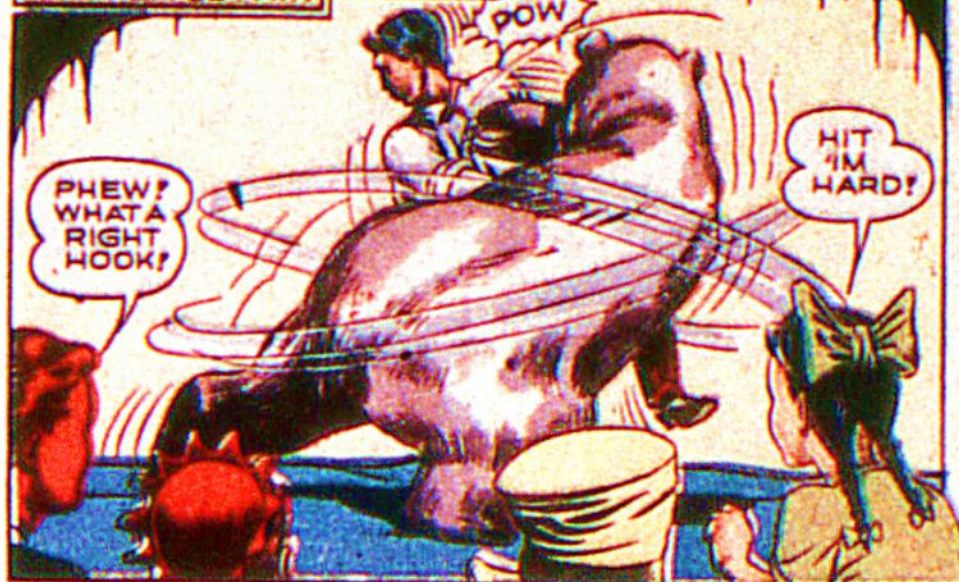


BEATING A HASTY RETREAT, THE TWO KIDS BARGE IN ON A ROPE TYING SCENE... A TELL-TALE BEAR COSTUME LIES DISCARDED ON THE FLOOR...





AS THE KID PATROL DUCKS, THE ENRAGED BEAR SWINGS A POWERFUL PAW.



WEAKENED FROM LONG HIBERNATION, THE BEAR STAGGERS BACK TO HIS CAVE, LEAVING A DAZED VICTIM BEHIND HIM.



TURNING SLEEPILY, PORKY IS UNAWARE OF THE CULPRIT'S QUICK RECOVERY...



BINDING THE WRITHING BEAR MASQUERADER, TEDDY HAILS A PASSING WATCHMAN...



AND THE DUMBFOUNDED KEEPER DEPARTS WITH A SULLEN PRISONER IN TOW...



THE STRANGE PROCESSION MOVES HOMEWARD...



BACK AT PORKY'S HOUSE...



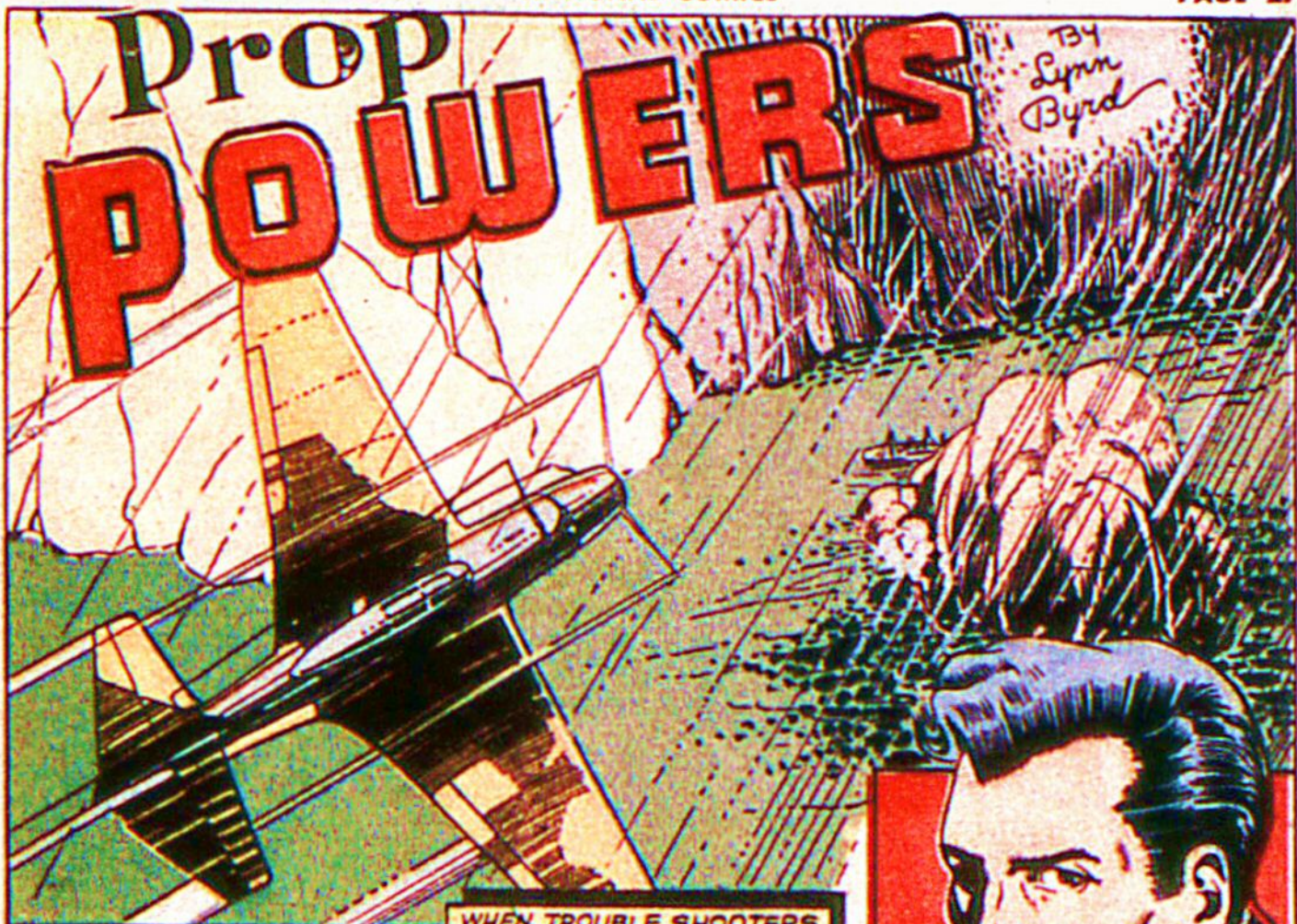
INNOCENT CURIOSITY LEADS THE UNSUSPECTING KID PATROL INTO ANOTHER UNCANNY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

**NATIONAL COMICS**



# Prop POWERS

By  
Lynn  
Byrd



ON COAST PATROL, PROP AND LANK TEAR INTO A LASHING STORM.

CONTACT  
OUR BASE,  
LANK, TIME  
TO REPORT!

WHEN TROUBLE SHOOTERS  
ARE WANTED, THE CALL  
GOES OUT FOR THE  
U.S. COAST GUARD HEROES,  
PROP POWERS AND HIS  
PAL LANK, WHO BATTLE  
THE INSIDIOUS ENEMIES  
OF AMERICA...

PROP POWERS? S.O.S.  
CALL FROM S.S. ABILENE.  
LATITUDE 15° LONGITUDE  
64°. ASSIST SHIP IF  
POSSIBLE. THAT  
IS ALL.

THERE'S  
OUR CUE  
FOR  
ACTION!

RIGHT!

Prop  
Powers

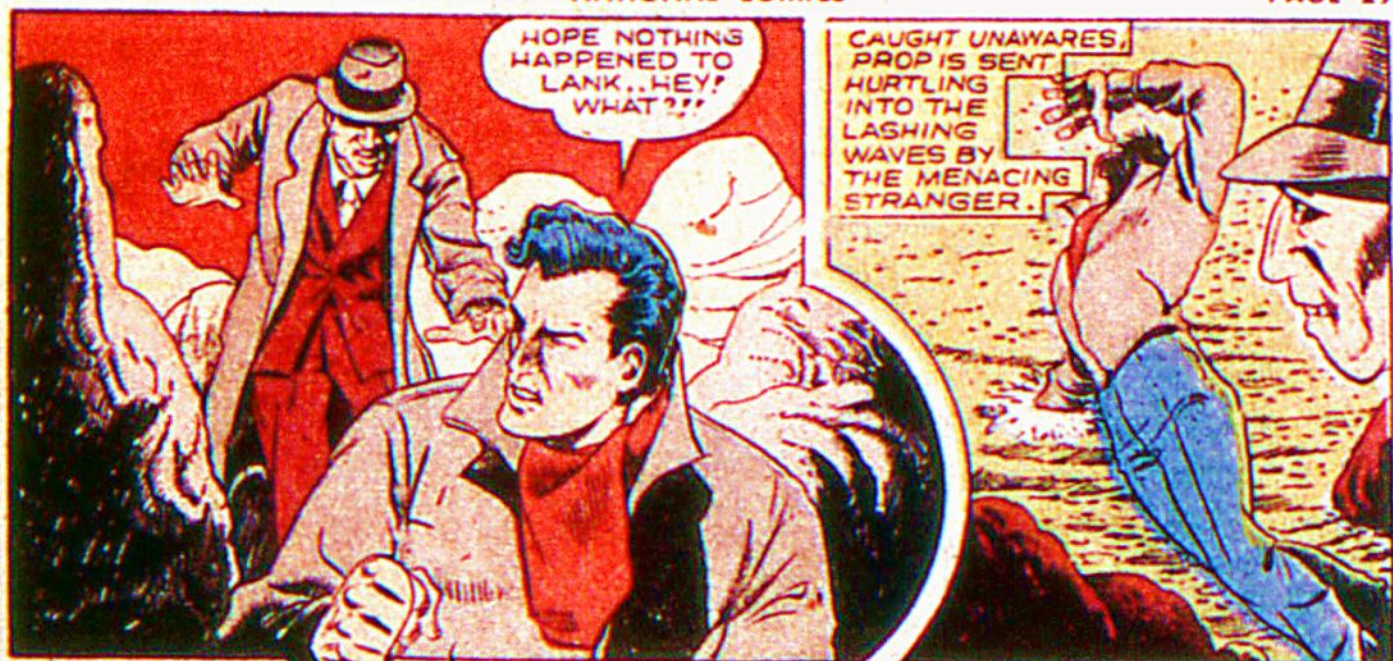
WE'LL BE OVER THEM  
IN A COUPLE OF  
MINUTES.. HOPE  
WE CAN DO  
SOMETHING!













PROP STEALTHILY SLIPS PAST THE GUARDS AND REACHES THE BEACH.



A GERMAN FIRING SQUAD SILENTLY LINES UP BEFORE LANK AND TAKES AIM.. SUDDENLY..



AN EAR SPLITTING YELL COMES FROM THE WOODS.



THE SHOUT WHICH DISTRACTED THE NAZIS CAME FROM PROP'S HEALTHY LUNGS.



WITH A LUNGE, HE LEAPS ON THE REAR NAZI SOLDIER.



THE SECOND GERMAN WHIRLS TO FIRE, BUT PROP BEATS HIM TO THE DRAW.





THE STERN REICH CAPTAIN HEARS THE SHARP GUNFIRE COMING FROM THE BRUSH.



GOOD! MY MEN HAF TAKEN CARE OF THE INTRUDERS!

SUDDENLY, A HEAD POPS UP THROUGH THE GRASS NEAR THE CLEARING.



OKAY! PUT 'EM UP! UNTIE THAT AMERICAN! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!



NOW TO GET ON THE OTHER SIDE AND KEEP UP THE BLUFF!

STAND BACK AND DON'T MOVE! C'MON, LANK!



SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YA, PAL!

BUT SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE NAZIS STUMBLES INTO CAMP.

HERR KAPITAN! HE IS ALONE! GRAB HIM!



RUN FOR THE PLANE, LANK! I'LL FOLLOW!

RIGHT.

FIGHTING TO THEIR PLANE, THE BOYS ZOOM INTO THE AIR.



RADIO OUR BASE AND TELL 'EM TO SEND OUT BOMBERS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY PASS A SQUADRON OF BOMBERS ENROUTE TO THE GERMAN BASE.



AMERICAN EAGLES OF THE AIR!

THERE THEY GO!

BACK AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS.



FLASH!! A SECRET NAZI BASE WAS WIPED OUT BY OUR FORCES THIS AFTER-NOON...

THAT'S THAT!

PROP AND LANK FLY INTO MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



# Sally O'NEIL

## POLICEWOMAN

by Frank Kearns



JAPANESE BOMBS BRING A THREAT TO AMERICA'S SECURITY AND SALLY O'NEIL, DARING POLICEWOMAN, DOES HER BIT TOWARD THE EXTINCTION OF UNDERCOVER ENEMY FORCES.

ON DUTY IN THE JAPANESE QUARTER, SALLY SEEMS TO BE FINDING THINGS STRANGELY SILENT.



IT SURE IS QUIET DOWN HERE. ALMOST GHOSTLY!

SUDDENLY, SHE NOTICES TWO SUSPICIOUS MEN...

HMM... WHAT GOES ON?



HERE NIKI.. ALL THE DOPE YOU ASKED FOR!

IS GOOD!















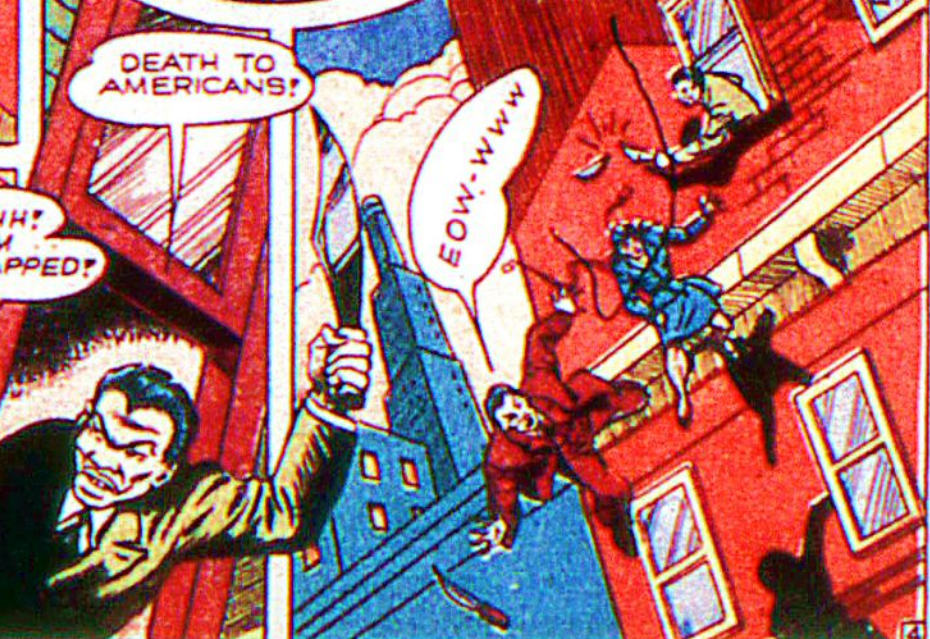
AND AGAIN DROPS TO  
ANOTHER LEDGE TO  
AVOID THE ASSASSIN  
WHO FOLLOWS.



MEANWHILE, IN A WINDOW  
OVERLOOKING THE LEDGE...



AS THE BLADE SWISHES  
TOWARD HER, SALLY  
PUSHES THE JAP OFF  
THE LEDGE AND JUMPS.





AS THE SON OF NIPPON PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH, SALLY IS SAVED BY THE ROPE.



OH!!

SHE PULLS HERSELF INTO ANOTHER WINDOW.



WHEE! FROM NOW ON I'M LIVING ON BORROWED TIME!

SHE TIPTOES TO THE DOOR AND CAUTIOUSLY OPENS IT.



EEE!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THE STREET!



LEAPING BACK IN THE ROOM, SALLY MANEUVERS TO AVOID THE HAND OF DEATH.



'YOU NO GET AWAY THIS TIME!

BONZAI! NOW I KILL YOU!





IN A FRENZY OF RAGE, THE JAP SEIZES A BOTTLE...



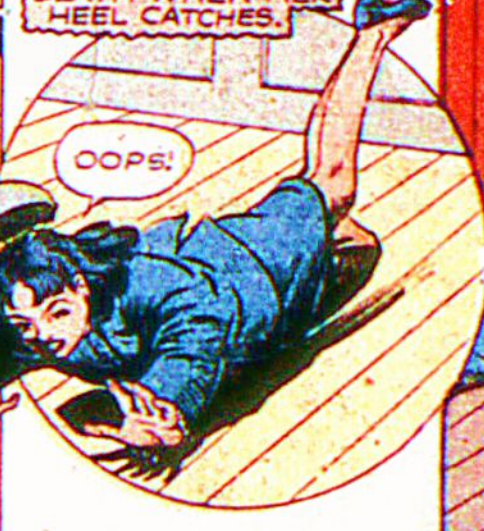
AND HURLS IT AT SALLY...



OFFICERS BELOW ARE ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE BROKEN BOTTLE.



BUT SALLY IS STILL PLAYING TAG WITH DEATH WHEN HER HEEL CATCHES.



IN A FLASH, THE KILLER LEAPS UPON THE PROSTRATED GIRL.



AS THE BLADE WHIZZES DOWN...



SALLY TWISTS HER BODY AND KNOCKS THE JAP OUT WITH A WELL-PLACED KICK.



THE POLICE BREAK IN AND TAKE OVER.



SALLY STUMBLES INTO ANOTHER WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.



# PEN MILLER

Men outside the law are again brought to justice... as Pen Miller, famous cartoonist-detective, sets out in search of another story for his cartoon series..

By (Klaus)

RETURNING FROM A SOUTHERN JAUNT, THE CARTOONIST AND HIS VALET PASS THROUGH THE HILL COUNTRY..

MIST' MILLER, I ASK CHAP PLONE ON GLOUND IF WE ON LIGHT HIGHWAY ... !!

GLACIOUS! FELLOW VELLY DEAD DLUNK!

NOT DEAD DRUNK, CHOP! DEAD!

WE'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF..!

JUDAS! DON'T TELL ME HE'S DEAD, TOO!

HUH? WHO DAID?

WHO?

HUH?

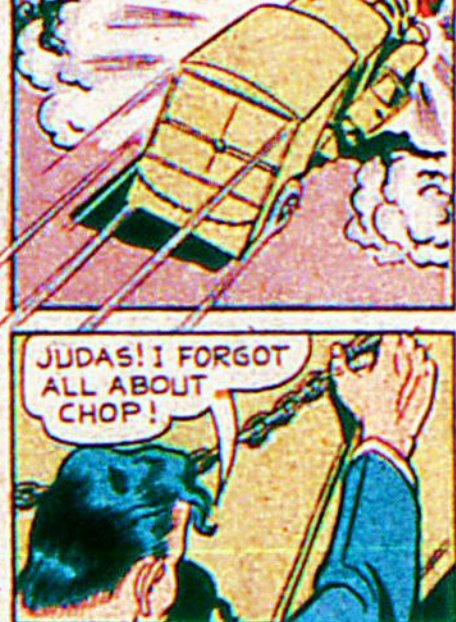














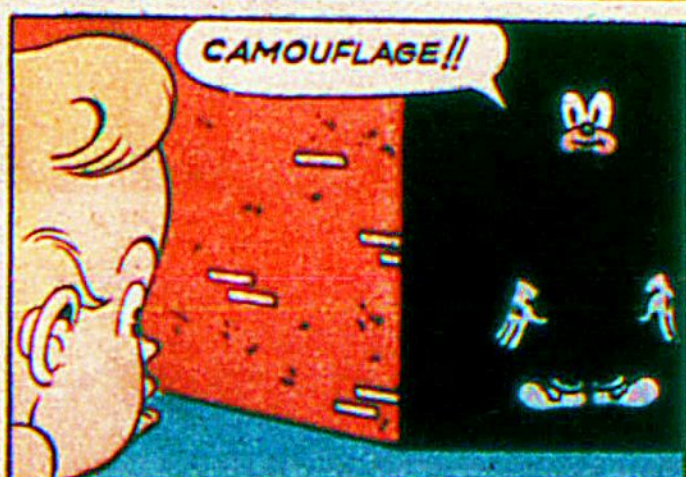
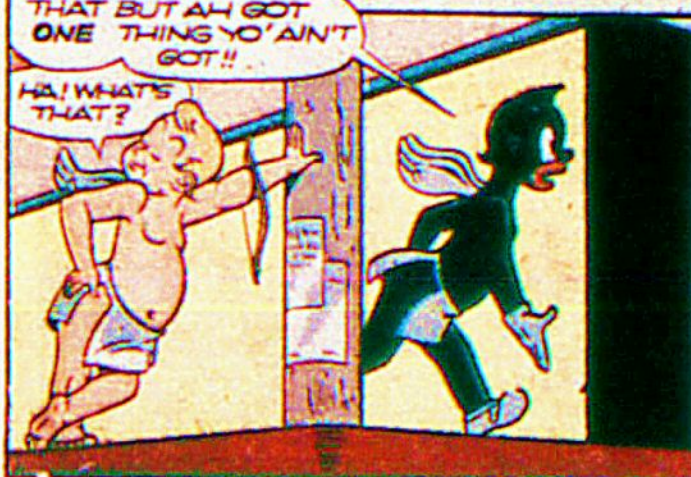
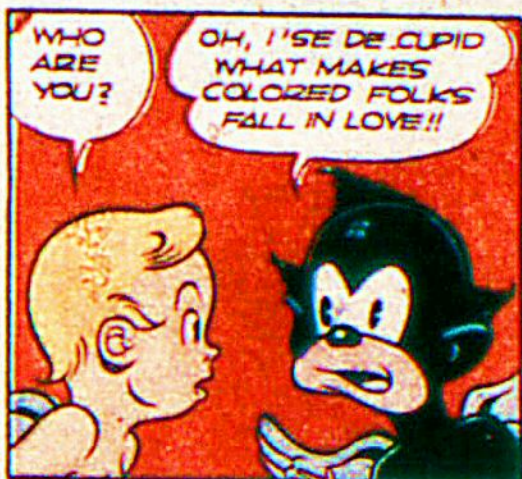
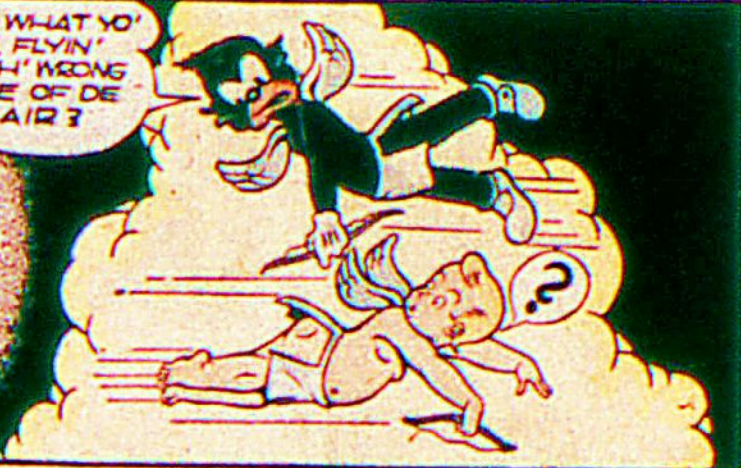
# CYCLONE CUPID

HE  
AIN'T  
STUPID!

CYCLONE IS FLYING  
OVER HARLEM...

by  
GILL  
FOX

HEY, WHAT YO'  
DOIN', FLYIN'  
ON TH' WRONG  
SIDE OF DE  
AIR?

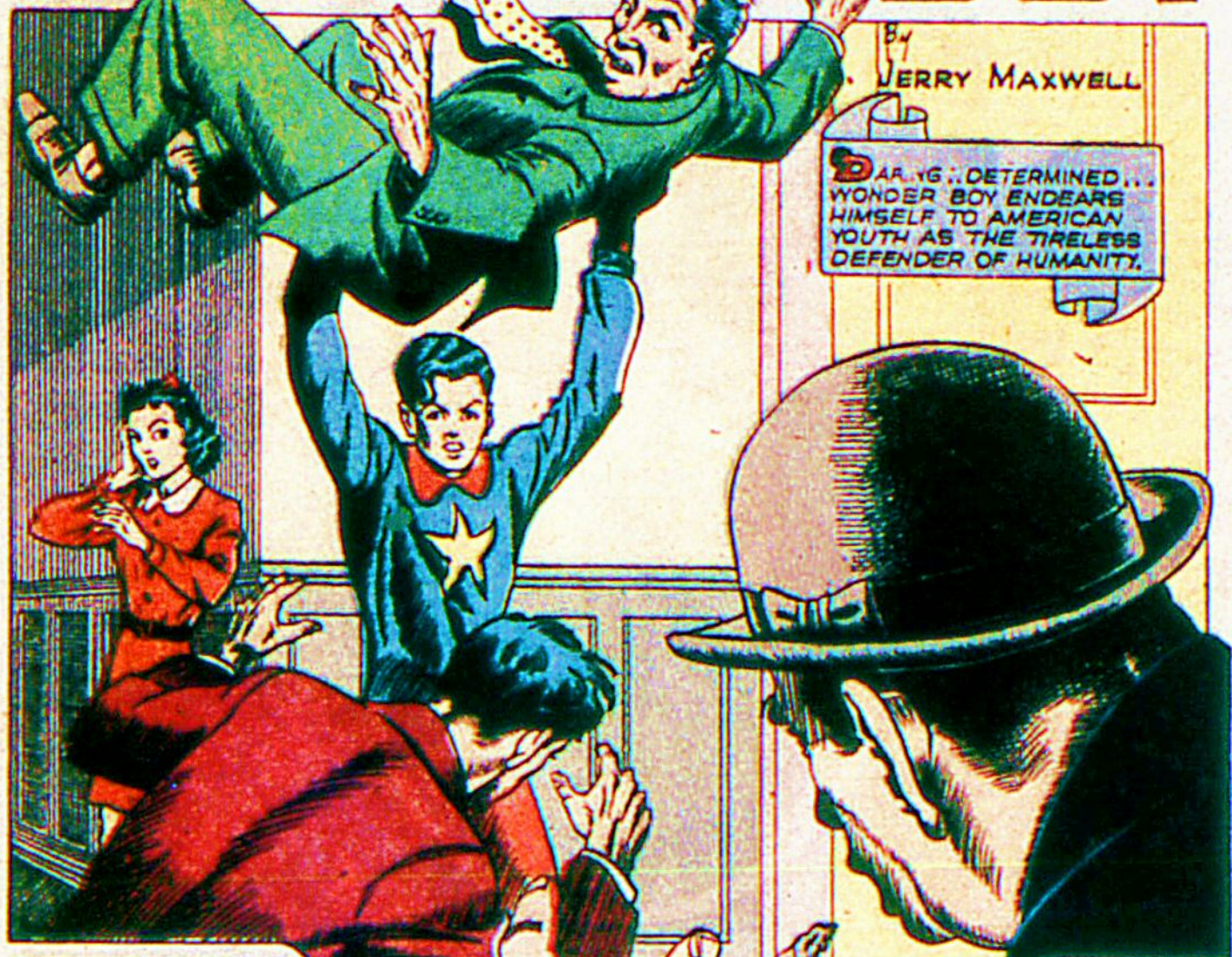




# WONDER BOY

By JERRY MAXWELL

**D**ARING... DETERMINED...  
WONDER BOY ENDEARS...  
HIMSELF TO AMERICAN  
YOUTH AS THE TIRELESS  
DEFENDER OF HUMANITY.



STROLLING THROUGH  
THE CITY SLUM AREA,  
WONDER BOY FINDS A  
TRAGIC SIGHT.

S-AY! LOOKS  
LIKE THOSE  
FOLKS AREN'T  
TOO HAPPY  
ABOUT  
MOVING.



HELLO,  
SON!

IS THERE SOMETHING  
WRONG, MAM? CAN  
I HELP?





CHOKING BACK HER TEARS, DORIS EMERY EXPLAINS.

THE LANDLORD RAISED OUR RENT SO HIGH, WE JUST COULDN'T PAY IT AND HE EVICTED US!

JUST LEAD ME TO THE LANDLORD'S OFFICE, DORIS... I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

SURE THIS IS IT, DORIS?

YES, BUT M-MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT...

WE CERTAINLY ARE GOING IN... OH, HELLO... WE WANT TO SEE NICK GATTO!

SCRAM, PUNK... THE BOSS AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR BRATS!

WELL HE'S GOIN' TO MAKE TIME, WISE GUY!

AND SOON, WONDER BOY BARGES INTO GATTO'S SANCTUM.

HOW'D YOU GET IN?

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THE NAME. THIS MUG USED TO BE IN THE BEER RACKET!

THE HOUSING COMMISSION, EH?

LISTEN, MR. GATTO, YOU CAN'T THROW THE EMERYS OUT AND YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO RAISE THEIR RENT! THE HOUSING COMMISSION FORBIDS...

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH FERRA LITTLE SUCKER! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

BUT...

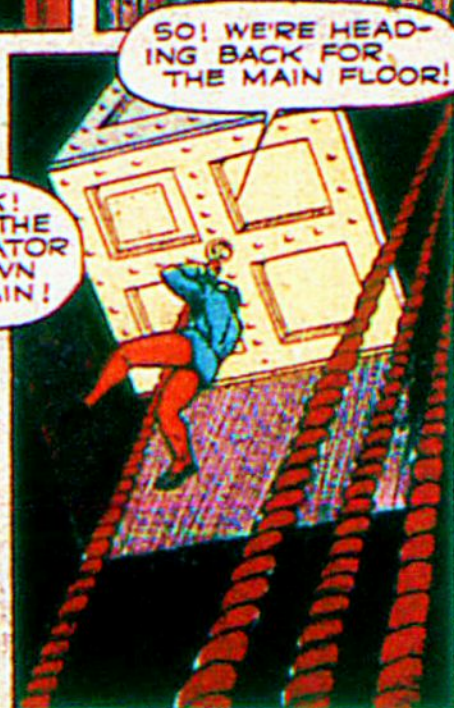
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU GORILLAS... I CAN'T WASTE TIME THOUGH, MESSIN' AROUND WITH TRIPE!







COLD RAGE ADDING FORCE TO HIS OVERWHELMING STRENGTH, WONDER BOY SMASHES THE STEEL DOORS.





HIS POWERFUL ARMS WARD OFF THE CRUSHING BLOW OF THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR.

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU, FELLAS?

OWW!

THIS OUGHT TO PROVE HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!

WHY YOU LITTLE..

RAT-LIKE, GATTO DESERTS THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE LIFT'S ROOF.

BUT WONDER BOY FOLLOWS QUICKLY AND..

GET DOWN THERE WITH THE REST OF THOSE MONKEYS, GATTO!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

TRAPPED!

FIENDISHLY, GATTO GLOATS.

NOW WE'VE GOT THAT DUMB BRAT JUST WHERE WE WANT HIM!

AS THE CAR SPEEDS UPWARD, WONDER BOY AGAIN BRACES HIMSELF FOR THE TERRIFIC IMPACT INTENDED TO SMASH HIM TO A PULP..

A HAIR'S BREATH FROM THE ROOF, AN OPEN SHAFT PROVIDES AN ESCAPE.

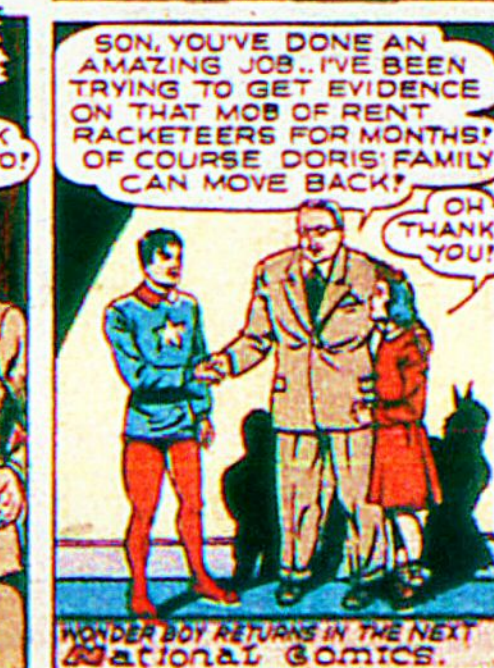
UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?







STUNNED BY WONDER BOY'S UNHARMED APPEARANCE, THE THUGS ARE TAKEN OFF GUARD.



WONDER BOY RETURNS IN THE NEXT National Comics.







THE YACHT DOCKS AT A SMALL PIER, AND PALMER LEADS THE WAY ACROSS A TROPICAL PARADISE.

"WE'RE GAME FOR ANYTHING ONCE!"

"BY THE WAY, I OWN A RUBBER PLANTATION HERE... LIKE TO WATCH THEM TAP THE TREES?"



SUDDENLY, THE SHRILL ECHO OF A PISTOL BULLET SPLITS THE HEAVY AIR, AND...

DENNIS!

GET DOWN!

OW!



PHEW! LUCKY THEY ONLY GOT YOU IN THE SHOULDER, OLD MAN! SOMEONE'S MIGHTY INTERESTED IN KEEPING YOU OUT OF HERE!



AT THEIR HOST'S PLANTATION HOUSE...

TAKE CARE OF DENNIS, JILL... I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, JACK!



SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A LOT MORE THAN RUBBER SAP BEING PRODUCED IN THESE PARTS!



STARTLED, JACK STOPS AS VOICES DRIFT THROUGH THE SILENT GROVE...

BUT I TELL YOU, ENRICO, I HAD TO SHOOT HIM. WHAT IF HE SHOULD...

HE WILL NOT!

WHA? TREES DON'T TALK!



FROM BEHIND A HUGE TRUNK, JACK WITNESSES A STRANGE SCENE.

WELL? I'LL BE...



FURIOUS, A BURLY WHITE MAN FACES A PLEADING NATIVE.

PLEASE, ENRICO, I WAS ONLY AFRAID FOR YOU...

YOU ARE A FOOL, LORITA! IF YOUR STUPIDITY HAS SPOILED MY PLANS THIS TIME, THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER TIME!



SEÑOR PALMER MUST NOT FIND OUT! ENRICO WILL NOT EXCUSE FAILURE! NOW GET TO WORK BEFORE THE LABORERS RETURN FROM THEIR MIDDAY SIESTA!





SUSPICIOUS, JACK TRAILS THE NATIVE GIRL AS SHE STOPS BEFORE EACH TAPPING SHELL.



DROP THAT BOTTLE, LORITA! YOU'LL NEVER POISON ANOTHER TREE!

EH?

TURNING SWIFTLY, LORITA GRASPS THE SAP FILLED SHELL, AND...



SO? YOU WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE, SENOR?

UGH?

FINALLY...

THIS STUFF STICKS LIKE GLUE... SAY! THAT LITTLE VIXEN VANISHED!



RACING BACK TO PALMER'S HOUSE, JACK BREATHLESSLY BABBLES HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY TO JILL...



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY POISON EVERY TREE ON THE PLANTATION! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE OVERSEER KNOWS ABOUT THIS!

I'LL GO TOO!

AS THEY NEAR THE OVERSEER'S HOUSE, A DISAPPEARING FIGURE ATTRACTS JACK'S ATTENTION.



HEY, JILL! THAT'S LORITA. THE NATIVE GIRL WHO GAVE ME A RUBBER BATH!

SHE WON'T GET FAR! YOU GO ON, JACK! I'LL BRING LORITA!



AND THE CHASE BEGINS...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUIN MY HUSBAND'S GOOD SUIT!

WHILE JACK HURRIES TO HIS DESTINATION...



THIS BIRD MAY BE ABLE TO ANALYZE THE RUBBER SAP AND KNOW HOW TO COUNTERACT THE POISON!

BUT TO HIS ASTONISHMENT...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OF ALL THE SO YOU'RE THE RAT WHO IS DOSING THE RUBBER TREES?



CORNERED, ENRICO BECOMES A SNARLING BEAST.

THICK, GREASY FLUID STREAMS TO THE FLOOR, AS THE OVERSEER ATTACKS.

AND THAT, ENRICO, BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOUR PUDGY FACE!

OOF!

AND WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME?

YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, MISTER!

THAT! FOR CROSSING ENRICO!

AND THE BURLY MADMAN SPRAWLS GROTESQUELY IN THE POOL OF RUBBER SAP.

AT THIS MOMENT, THE FEMALE TAG GAME RETURNS TO ITS STARTING POINT.

YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED, LITTLE WILD CAT!

ENRICO! ENRICO! SHE KEEL ME!

BUT LORITA TOO TAKES THE FATAL DIVE.

PRESENTED WITH THE CRINGING CULPRITS AND AN AMAZING STORY, DENNIS PALMER OFFERS SINCERE THANKS.

YOU'VE BOTH DONE A MIGHTY FINE JOB, AND I'M TRULY GRATEFUL!

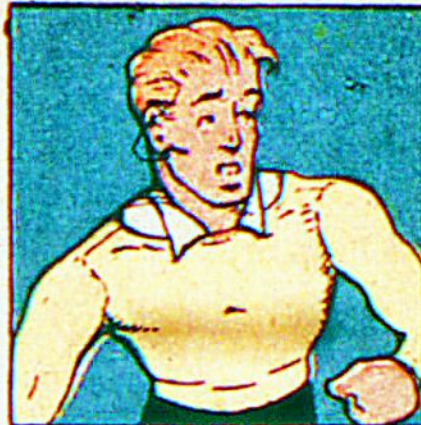
SMALL COST FOR A THRILLING VACATION

JACK FORCES A CONFESSION..

NOW, YOU SLIMY SPECIMENS, YOU ARE GOING TO TELL MR. PALMER ALL ABOUT YOUR DIRTY SCHEME TO POISON ALL RUBBER GOING TO THE U.S.!

JACK AND JILL, ACE CRIME DETECTORS, UPROOT ANOTHER EVIL SCHEME IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.





ALL his life Ricky wanted a huntin' mutt . . . not a sleek, long haired show prize, or some fancy tail with a pedigree; just a huntin' mutt. . . . Once he'd read about a dog that chased rabbits, and now as he peddled his papers in the dismal canyon that is Twelfth Street in the rain Ricky forgot time and misery in the imaginary company of his pal.

A man bought a paper. Ricky hardly noticed. Why try to save two cents for a mutt if your old man's a souse who drinks your paltry pennies? Gin and dreams don't mix. Ricky sighed and stubbed his toe on a lamp post as his mind wandered down some country road after a yapping hound.

"Hey, Kid . . . it's raining! Get in here 'fore you melt!" That was old Moriarity who ran the corner delly. Sometimes, when he wasn't as pickled as the pigs feet on his counter, Moriarity was kind to Rick. That was 1930 . . . Ricky was twelve. Now shove up eleven years. It's 1941 . . . Richard Hagen is twenty-three . . . and in the Death House. . . . Here's why:

"For murder of Michael Doon, I sentence you to death—and may your soul meet a merciful haven!" The judge's voice was flat . . . final. Ricky was finished; whatever dreams he might have had were finished too, buried in the slender body that would too soon meet the clay.

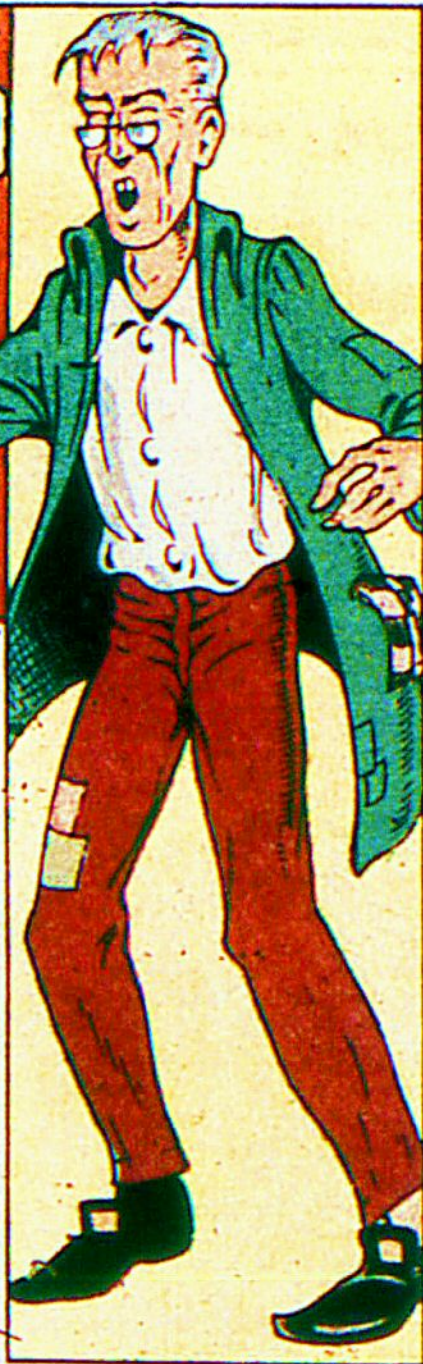
Michael Doon bought a paper from Rick . . . that's how they met. The hawk-nosed old banker-miser took a fancy to the kid. He liked the guts of a kid who'd sell newspapers and talk of being a big shot some day. Although



the admiration wasn't mutual, Ricky had already learned that the first step to becoming a big shot was to pull up on a ladder—somebody else's ladder. So he went with Doon, became Doon's lost youth. . . . For seven long years Rick was his eyes, his ears and now he's up for murder—why? Because Michael Doon deserved to die!

Doon was a guy who'd beat the rats at their own game. He fought foul, hit low, bet high and got rich sucking the blood money from poor fools who thought they were smarter than he. His main hobby was kicking things around . . . anything, even to his own son who saw him for the scoundrel he was and disowned him as a dad. Once Doon had a dog too, a mangy cur that was born a thoroughbred and was ruined by Doon. The old skinflint preferred thoroughbreds . . . he liked to see them fall from their aristocratic thrones. Ricky was a thoroughbred even if he did come from the wrong side of town.

But the kid was the first thing that didn't run from the old man . . . the kid saw that he'd be doing himself a favor by pretending to swallow the abuse heaped upon him. After all, he was eating three square meals a day . . . that was something he never did in the old days. The old guy softened up sometimes . . . even a miser gets lonely and wants a little love. Then Ricky could get



anything he wanted . . . and he wanted plenty. The dough he got he cached in his room . . . for the "Huntin' Mutt".

The old guy scowled. Ricky came walking into the house trailing a hop-eared mutt. His face glowed. The dog's droopy jowls shook in the expectancy of a home with a kid. But Old Doon took one look at the dog and howled as he kicked it into the wall.

"You . . . you . . . ! It's MY dog! Take your filthy feet off it!" Michael Doon stared at Ricky. Ha!



He was getting notions just like that son of his. Good. . . . Doon would kick the kid around too . . . too bad. Ricky would have made a good con man when he got older. . . .

But Ricky fought tooth and nail. The dog howled and came to the aid of his defender. In amazed respect, Doon was forced to admit he had found an equal in ruthlessness. Ricky's technique was sweet to the old guy's heart . . . he fought the same way, below the belt. So they had a truce, and being smart, Ricky forgot about the dog. . . .

So the years passed . . . everybody got to know Rick Hagen as Doon's man . . . the only human being in the world who could talk back to the old fox. But nobody knew that Michael Doon was getting feeble . . . nobody knew that at the age of twenty, Rick had talked himself glibly into a sizeable fortune . . . nobody but Rick himself, who still wanted to be a big shot. The biggest fear in his life was that sometime the real heir to Doon's wealth would come back to claim it . . . and Michael Doon had made no will to Rick's benefit. And to make his life completely incongruous, Rick now kept a huntin' mutt in the yard . . . but he never had much fun with it because the dying old man never let him out of his sight. Rick was two people, one the go-getting kid, the other the little newsie who still had the yen for the country road and his mutt. It was difficult to keep track of himself with Michael Doon around . . . Rick was all confused.

He needed a pal to set him straight . . . to give him the right slant on things, but when that pal did come, Rick didn't know him.

"Hi, there, Kid. You Rick Hagen? I heard you're my father's protégé. I'm Bob Doon. Can't say I'm proud of that name."

"You . . . his son?" Rick stared in disbelief. His mind jumped far ahead to the time when Bob Doon would get all of the old guy's dough. By gum . . . that wouldn't happen . . . not if Rick could help it.

"Yeah, I'm Hagen. What you goin' to do about it?" His voice

was hostile, his eyes icy blue in their hatred.

"Not a thing . . . for all I care you can have the old boy . . . if you can get anything out of him, you're better than I am, and I'm his son." Ricky was nonplussed. He wasn't used to straight talk . . . from old Doon he'd got the notion that a slick trick was to talk crooked and hit straight. . . .

"See you have a dog," said Bob, "a huntin' mutt. Ever try it on a chase?" Ricky gaped in disbelief . . . the guy was actually interested in what Ricky was doing! Not like old Doon who was only interested in what he could get out of it.

Ricky opened up wide . . . he couldn't talk fast enough to tell Bob how he loved that Mutt . . . that it was the only thing belonging to him alone. And Bob took Rick hunting one day . . . to try out the "huntin' mutt". Rick used an old Ithaca shotgun. He was carrying it when he and Bob sneaked in the back around the tool shed for a smoke before Bob went back to his own home. Young Doon didn't care to meet old Doon, ever.

But Michael Doon was tottering around the yard, poking his long nose into every crevice of every outbuilding, to see if Ricky was doing right by the place. He spotted Bob, stood back stock still as though a ghost had come.

"You . . . my ill begotten son . . . spawn of your conniving mother!" The father blushed in fury . . . and Bob reddened in heated anger.

"I've waited a long time to git back at you fer skippin my house and making a fool of me to the world. . . . Rick! You're my man . . . use that shot gun on this devil!"

"Ain't no devil," snarled Rick, "he's my friend, same as this mutt here . . . and he's my pal because he wants to be, not because he expects something back in pay!"

Old Michael Doon, rejuvenated temporarily by the anger that seethed through his skinny veins made a snake-like movement for the gun. . . . Startled, Rick hardly resisted . . . and Bob laughed to



see the old guy waving the long gun.

"It ain't loaded, Paw". . . but Ricky knew it was. He also knew, even better than Bob, how far Old Doon would go in a moment of rage.

The huntin' mutt snarled. Rick remembered him.

"Go it, Duke! Sic him!" Old Michael waved the shotgun feebly as the springing beast hurled him to the ground. He took aim for the dog. But Ricky leaped and landed on the man, as the shot flew wild. Doon's head banged hard on a rock. With a long hard gasp he writhed and became very still.

"I k-killed him . . ." that was all Ricky said. With the innate decency he had gotten from some distant ancestor, he gave himself up, feeling disillusioned that Bob had deserted him. Only the huntin' mutt remained to give him solace.

The death house cell door opened. It was the warden, followed by Bob.

"Rick, I hope you'll understand that I didn't walk out on you," Bob said softly.

The warden explained. "Bob traced the medical reports, kid. He discovered that Old Mike was dead from the shock of the dog leaping on him. Doon had a weak heart, would have gone anyway. So, Kid, you can thank your stars you had this huntin' mutt. The Governor has pardoned you."

"You're coming with me," said Bob. "I'll try to make up for the dirty deal my father gave you. You and the huntin' mutt. We'll all be big shots together . . . the straight way!"



# Paul BUNYAN

by  
Storey Weaver

PITTING HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST ALL ODDS, THE GIANT OF THE LUMBER CAMPS WITH HIS BLUE OX, BATTLE FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL...

STEP ON IT, BABE! THOSE STRANGERS GOING IN THE BANK LOOK FISHY TO ME!





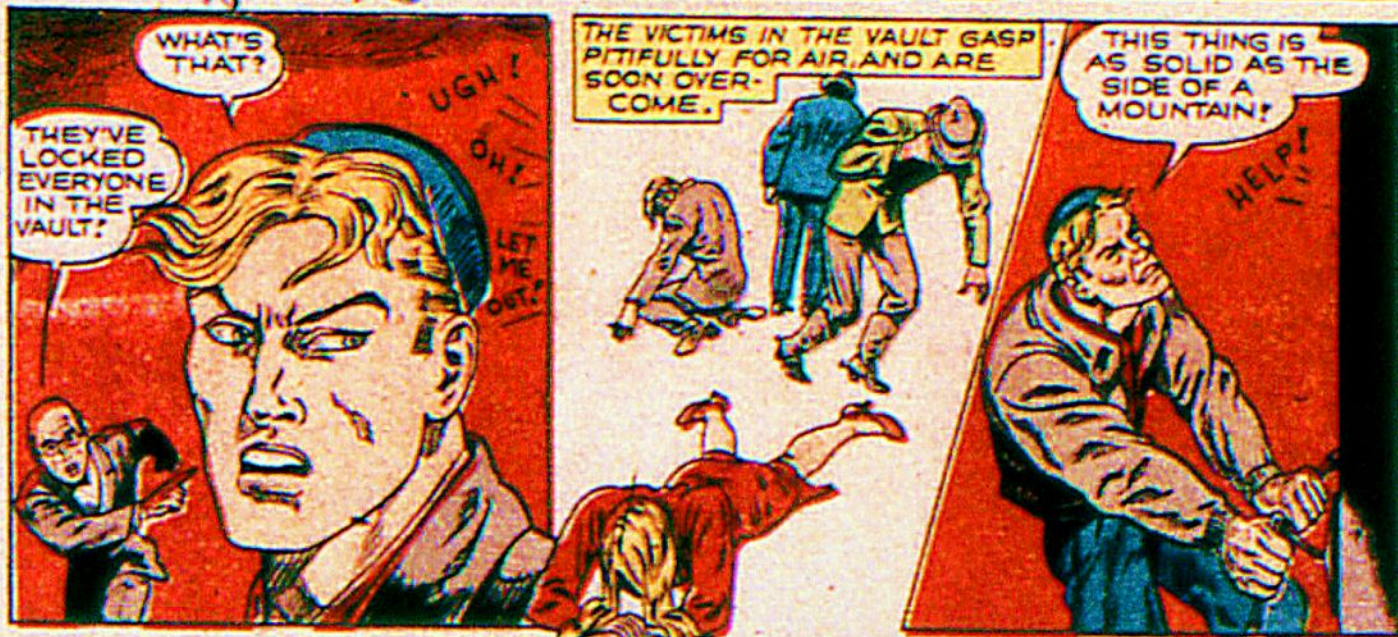
BEHIND THE CAGE, A TERRIFIED CLERK IS HELD AT GUN POINT.



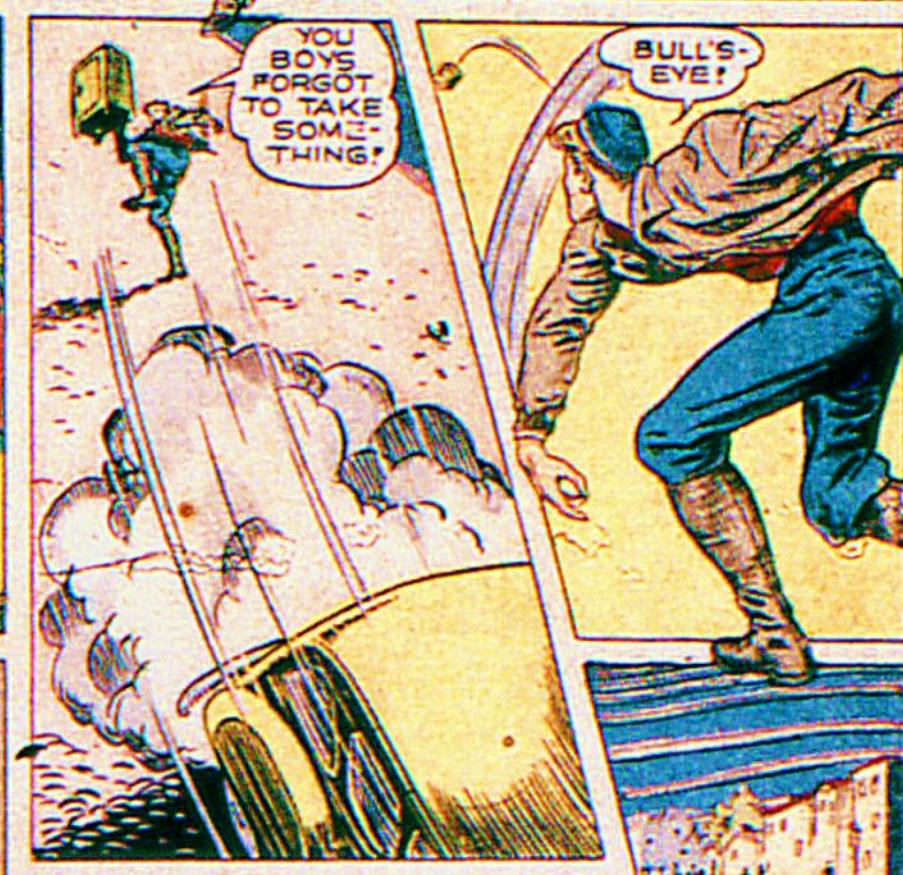
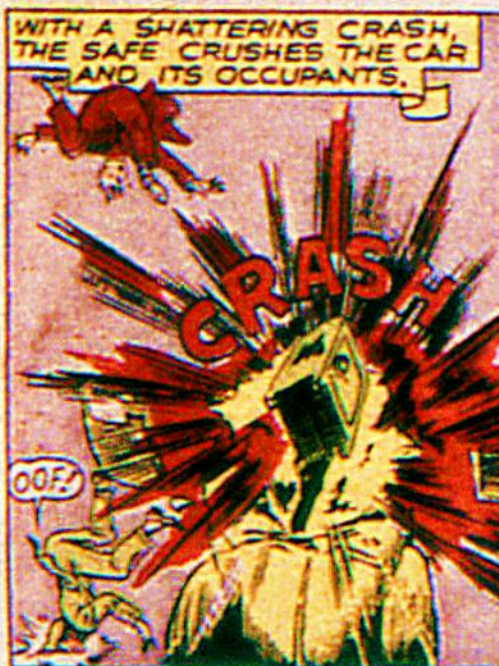
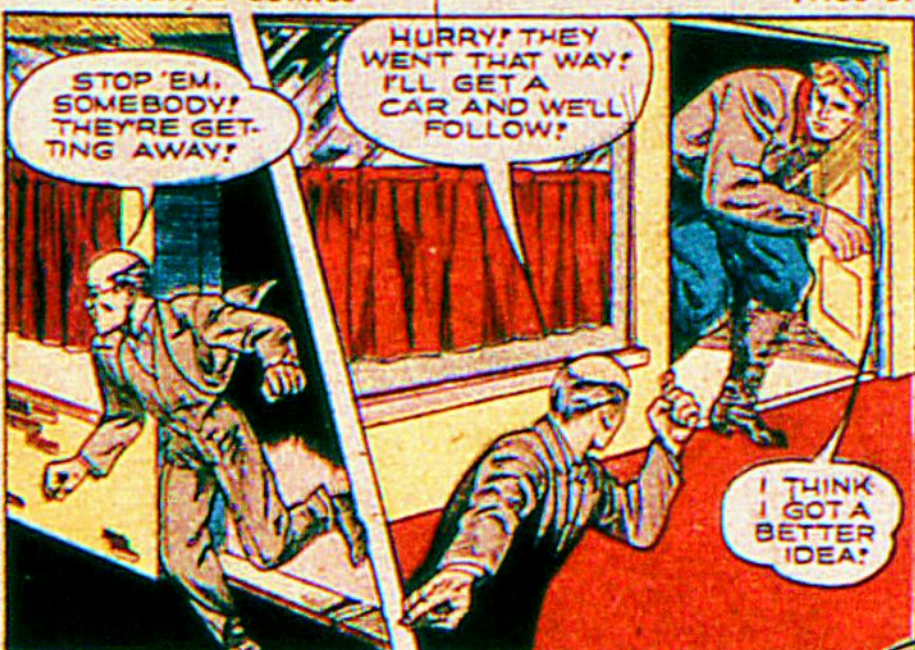
SUDDENLY, THE POWERFUL FIGURE OF PAUL APPEARS ON THE THRESHOLD...













# MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

ARTHUR  
GERMAN

OH, YOU DON'T  
THINK SO, EH,  
GIRLS?

HECK NO! THERE HASN'T  
BEEN ANY FISH IN THAT  
LAKE IN YEARS - AT LEAST  
NOBODY HAS CAUGHT  
ANY! WE'LL BET YOU  
\$10. YOU DON'T BRING  
HOME A SINGLE  
FISH!

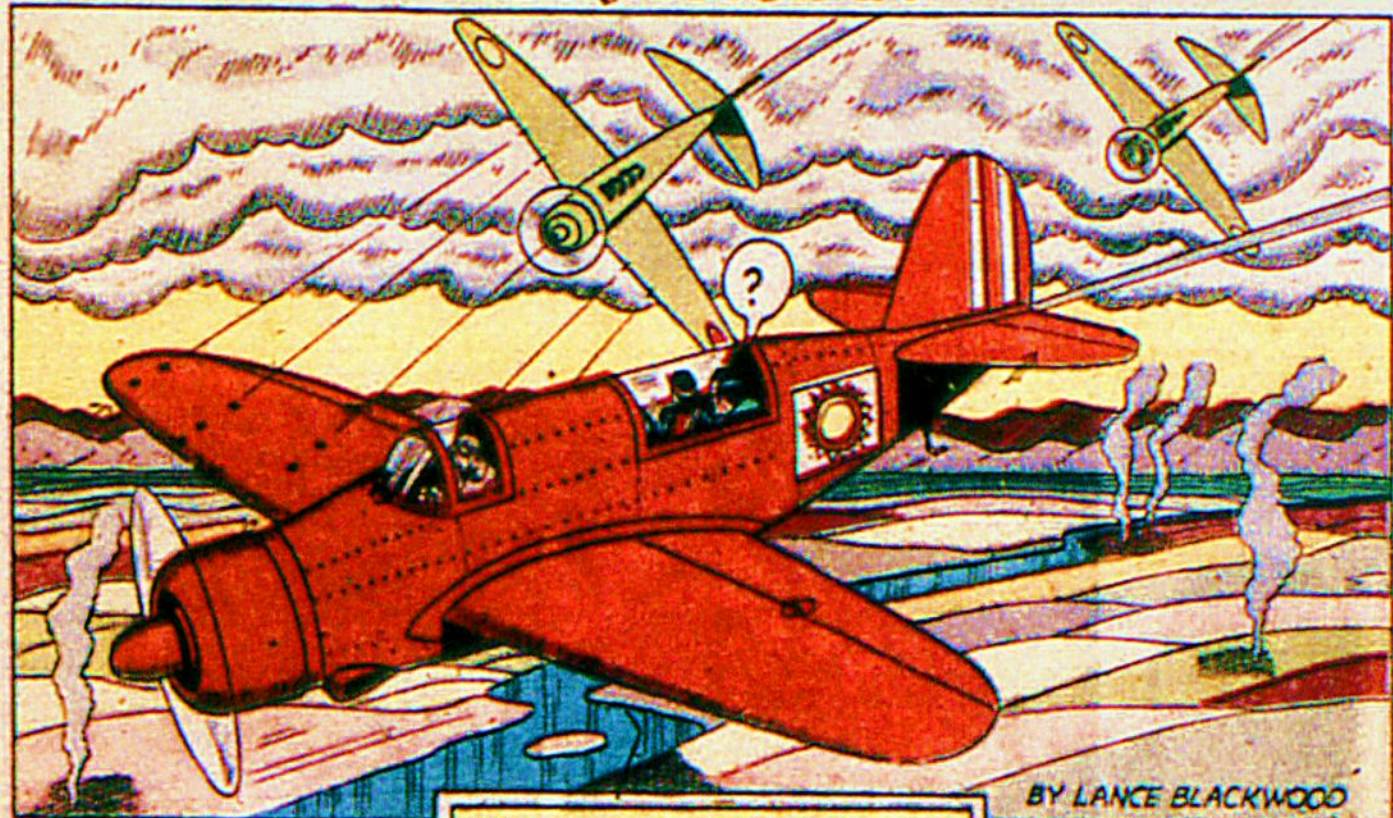
I'LL TAKE  
IT! I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
GALS I'M  
A REAL  
SPORT!





# MERLIN

## THE MAGICIAN



BY LANCE BLACKWOOD

**MERLIN, THE GREATEST LIVING MAGICIAN HAS BEEN USING HIS MAGICAL POWERS TO AID THE CHINESE AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE. AT THE MOMENT HE IS ABOARD A SPECIAL PLANE ON THE CHUNGKING TO HONGKONG RUN. TWO ENEMY PLANES ROAR OUT OF THE CLOUDS TO ATTACK.**

INSIDE THE AIRPLANE THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGER IS MADAME KUNG, WIFE OF A VALIANT CHINESE GENERAL.

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT, MADAME. WE ARE IN FOR IT.

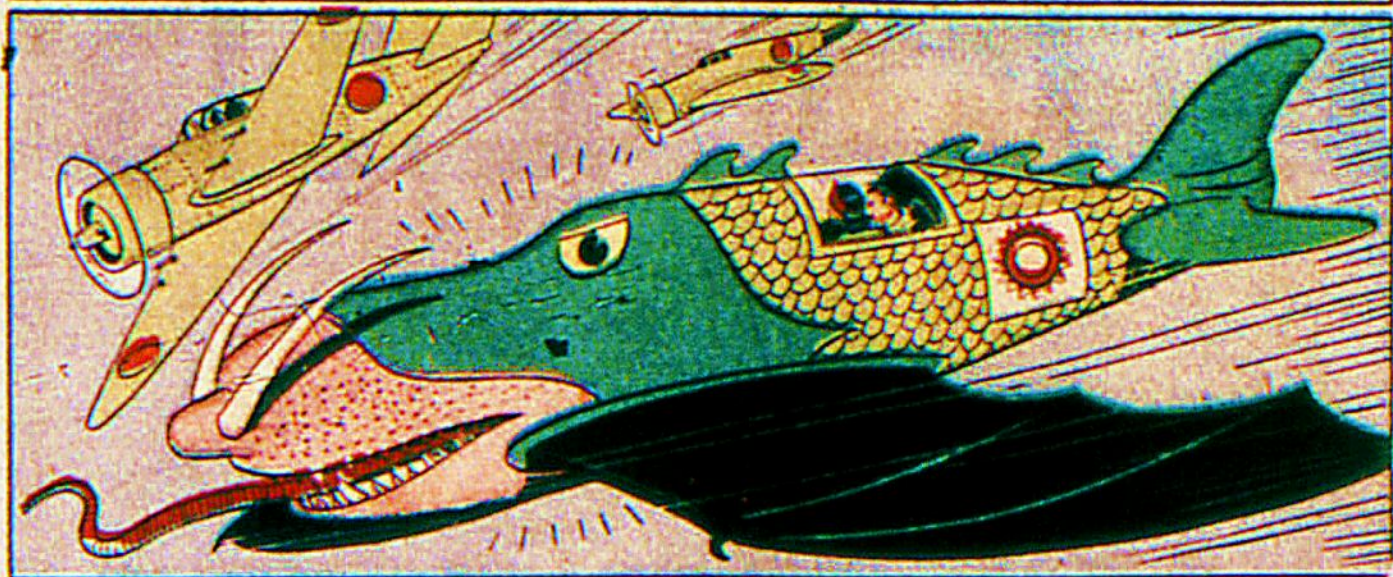
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY SECRET MISSION. THEY WISH TO KILL ME AT ALL COSTS!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP — ENALPRIA EMOCEB A RETSNOM!





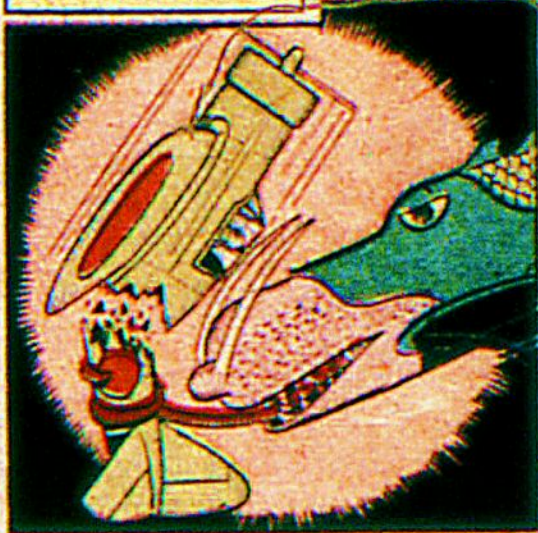
AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE PLANE BECOMES A HUGE FLYING METAL MONSTER!



HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT THE NEAREST JAP PILOT TRIES TO SWERVE ASIDE.



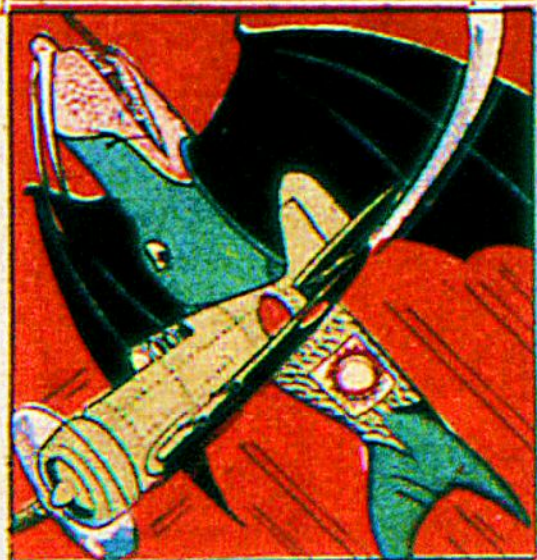
BUT HE IS TOO LATE - THE MONSTER'S TONGUE LASHES OUT AND SMASHES THE ENEMY'S FUSELAGE!



IT FALLS CRASHING TO EARTH!



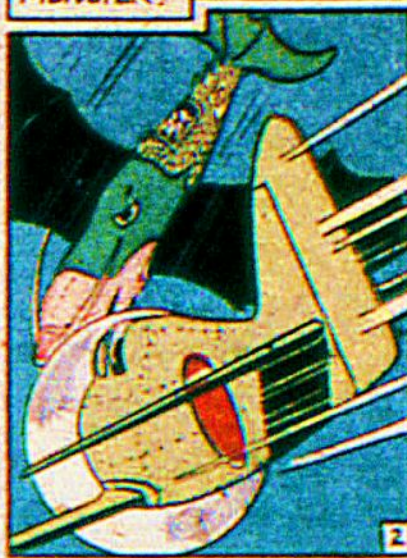
THE SECOND PLANE FLEES BUT MERLIN'S CREATION QUICKLY FOLLOWS.



KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE DISGRACED FOR RUNNING AWAY THE JAP FLYER TURNS ABOUT...

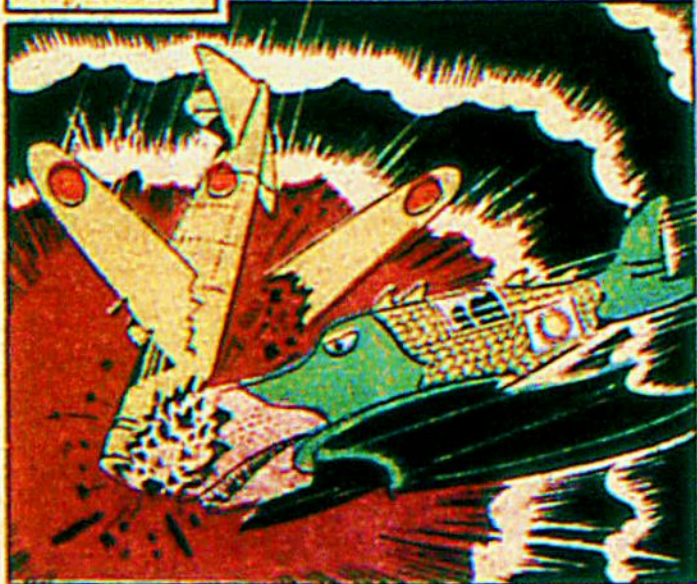


AND IN A DEATH DIVE FLIES STRAIGHT AT THE WINGED MONSTER!

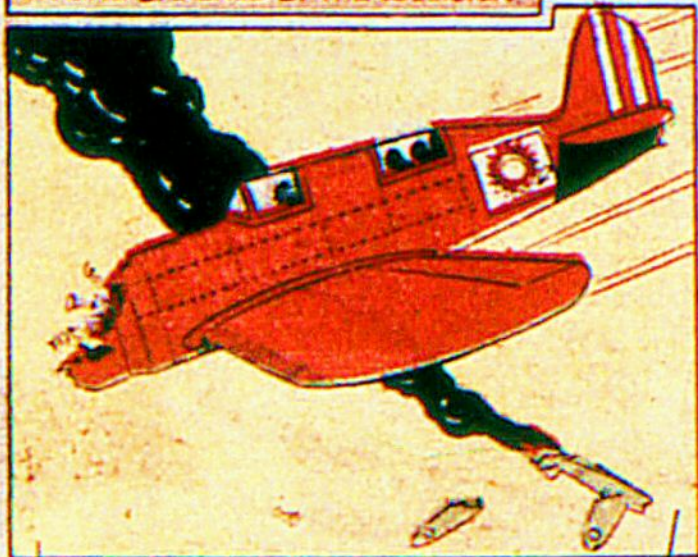




THERE IS AN EXPLOSION AS THE TWO PLANES MEET IN MID-AIR!



THE CONCUSSION BREAKS THE SPELL AND THE CHINESE PLANE BECOMES ITSELF AGAIN WITH ITS ENGINE SMASHED BY THE COLLISION.



THE PILOT MANAGES TO GET IT UNDER CONTROL AND GLIDES DOWN.

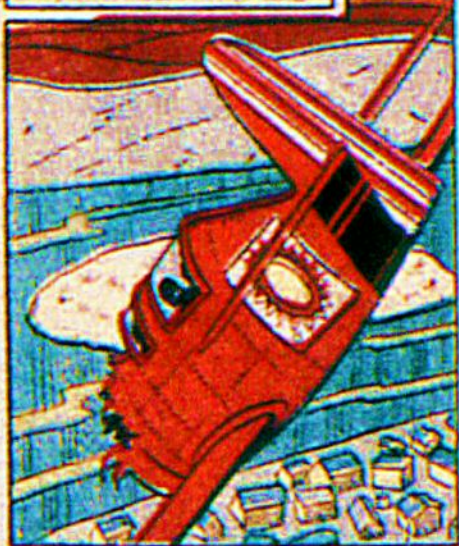
PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING!



HEAD FOR THAT SANDY ISLAND IN THE RIVER!



FOLLOWING THE MAGICIAN'S ADVICE THE PILOT STEERS FOR THE BARREN ISLAND.



THE PLANE SKIDS TO A STOP ON THE SANDY DUNES....



AS A JAPANESE AMPHIBIAN TANK PUTS OUT FROM SHORE.



THIS TIME THEY'LL SURELY GET US!

BUT I HAVE A FEW TRICKS LEFT!





AS THE TANK COMES NEARER  
MERLIN CALLS UPON HIS  
MAGICAL POWERS.



SRIATS  
OTNI EHT HTAE  
RAEPPA!

BEFORE THE THREE DESPERATE  
PEOPLE APPEARS A STAIRCASE  
LEADING DOWN INTO THE EARTH.



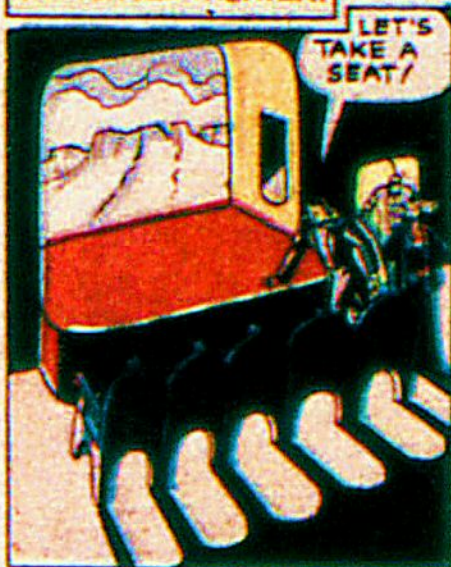
COME ON - FOLLOW  
ME!

QUICKLY THEY DESCEND.



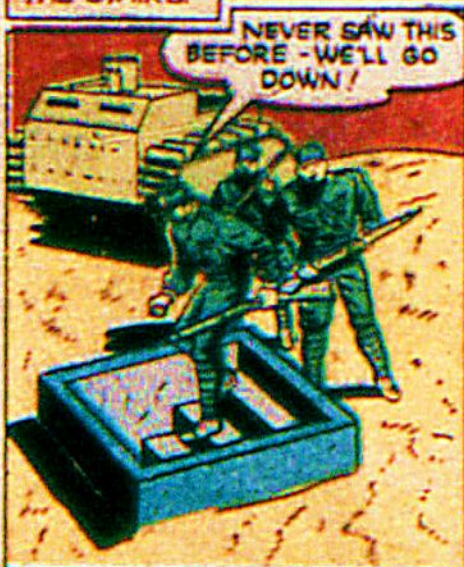
WE'RE GOING TO SEE A  
SHOW DOWN HERE!

THE TRIO FIND THEMSELVES  
IN A LITTLE THEATER.



LET'S  
TAKE A  
SEAT!

MEANWHILE THE JAPS FIND  
THE STAIRS.



NEVER SAW THIS  
BEFORE - WE'LL GO  
DOWN!

BUT THE STEPS TURN INTO A  
CHUTE - THE - CHUTE!



HEY!

THE SOLDIERS ARE TUMBLED  
ONTO THE STAGE IN FRONT OF  
MERLIN, MADAME KUNG, AND  
THE PILOT!



HERE COMES  
THE SHOW!

THE STAGE BECOMES A STRANGE  
LAND TO THE SURPRISED JAP  
SOLDIERS!



WHERE  
ARE WE? LOOK!

A SKELETON WALKS ACROSS  
THE STAGE BEARING A  
PLACARD!



ACT I  
SOLDIERS  
OF THE  
MIKADO  
- VS -  
SITTING  
BULL'S  
WARRIORS



SITTING BULL!  
HE WAS SAVAGE  
MELICAN INDIAN!



EVEN AS THE SOLDIER SPEAKS A BAND OF WILD INDIANS CHARGE AT THEM!

SHOOT!



HA-HA! CAN'T KILL  
ME - I'M ALREADY  
DEAD!



THE INDIANS FROM THE PAST JUMP FROM THEIR  
MUSTANGS AND FLING THEMSELVES ON THE JAPANESE!



A ONE-SIDED HAND TO HAND FIGHT TAKES PLACE!



AND THE JAPANESE ARE SOON OVERPOWERED





**SUDDENLY MERLIN APPEARS BY THE HELPLESS JAPANESE.**



OH - YES / GET US OUT OF HERE - WE'LL SURRENDER - ANYTHING!



OKAY - LET 'EM GO!



MANY THANKS CHIEF - YOU CERTAINLY PUT ON A GOOD SHOW!

NOT AT ALL! SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TO US!



**SITTING BULL AND HIS WARRIORS FADE BACK INTO THE PAST.**

SO LONG, MERLIN!



**AND MERLIN, HIS FRIENDS, AND THE JAPS FIND THEMSELVES BACK ON THE SURFACE.**

WHERE WE GO NOW?



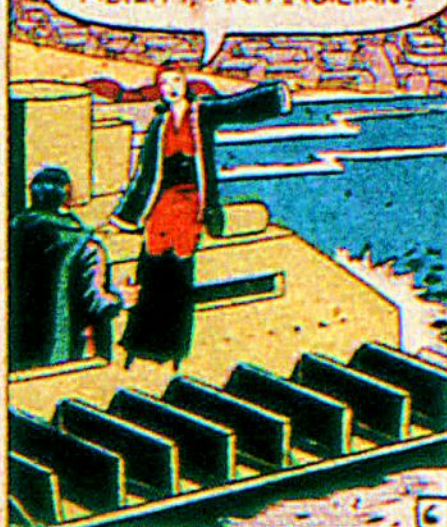
WE CAN REACH HONGKONG BY SAILING DOWN THE RIVER - LET'S GET IN THE TANK!



**SWIFTLY AND QUIETLY THE FLOATING TANK PADDLES DOWN THE RIVER OUT OF JAPANESE OCCUPIED TERRITORY.**



THERE IT IS - HONGKONG! WE ARE ALL SAFE, THANKS TO YOUR MARVELOUS ABILITY, MR. MAGICIAN!





**WE DARE YOU  
TO READ THIS  
MAGAZINE!**

**THESE  
FEATURES  
ARE NOT  
DESIGNED  
FOR  
SOFTIES!**



*The* **SNIPER**  
**LOOPS**  
**AND**  
**BANKS**  
**% OF THE**  
**UNDERGROUND**

**AND THE  
ONE AND ONLY  
SECRET  
WAR  
NEWS**

**ON SALE  
FEBRUARY 11<sup>TH</sup>**

*What will Andre look like?*



**FORCED  
BECAUSE  
OF  
HORRIBLE  
SCARS, ANDRE,  
ONE OF THE  
BLACKHAWKS  
HAS TO WEAR  
THIS MASK...**



**BUT IN THE  
ABOVE ISSUE OF  
MILITARY COMICS  
HIS FACE  
IS RESTORED...  
WHAT WILL IT BE??**

**THIS IS HOW HE  
USED TO LOOK!**





# RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION SIT ON RIGHT HEEL LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND



KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU

RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON  
These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Harman who used to teach rifle on the Colorado Range before he came to New York. Now Fred teaches and draws the popular NELA newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" (and Little Beaver) comic strip. Fred Harman helped Daisy design this western-style cowboy saddle carbine—so you know it's authentic.

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



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